Mistaken Identity

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Mistaken Identity

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Summary

Will is a hot mess but luckily for him his even hotter future boyfriend who he hasn’t even met yet and who is also a magical, powerful king is coming to save him, kind of.

Chapter 1

Hannibal Lecter had been the revered King of the fae people for hundreds of years and would be for hundreds of years to come. He was respected and feared in equal measure, and for good reason. In all his time as the great ruler he has accomplished considerable things but one thing has alluded him thus far. He has never found his soulmate. Not that he had spent much time dwelling on it, his life was complicated and whilst his people sometimes wondered why there had not been a match for him, Hannibal knew it was because no one was worthy.

The fae people can walk and live amongst humans if they chose to, and many do but there are strict rules in place in order to ensure the continued secrecy of their existence. For example you could not show your powers to a human or pro-create with them. All fae subjects were well cared for and protected in exchange for their obedience and loyalty. When not in the human world, fae and other magical creatures live in the Magija Lands.

When word reached Hannibal of a fae using his empath abilities to assist the FBI in catching killers he instructed his equivalent of a human police force to take swift action. It was not unheard of for a small minority of his people to break the rules on occasion, and the punishment, without exception, was the fae version of death. However, when his chief, the great Red Dragon, returned to Magija it was not to confirm Hannibal's orders had been carried out as expected. Instead he cleared his throat and looked slightly hesitant to report.

"My Lord, I was investigating the matter we spoke of this morning but.... I'm afraid they could not be found on the database."

Everyone in the King's chamber fell silent and Hannibal raised an eyebrow. All fae were registered. To not be on the register was simply....unheard of....until now.

"I would say there has been a mistake Red Dragon but I know you do not make those."

"Thank you my Lord, I thought it best to report my findings to you before travelling to the human world."

Hannibal considered for a moment.

"Thank you, but there is no need to ready yourself, I will be going to investigate myself."

Hannibal had not spent a great deal of time in the human world, finding most humans to be intolerably rude, but they did provide good meat. This unexpected trip would give him the chance to select his own fresh cuts for his upcoming banquet.

Chapter 2

It did not take Hannibal long to track the rogue fae down. The report had come from within the FBI's criminal profiling department so he started there, meeting with the head of behavioural sciences, Jack Crawford at his office.

Powerful fae such as Hannibal had the ability to exert great power with little effort over humans, using a wide range of magical abilities. As Hannibal was a king he was the most powerful fae of them all.

"I'm afraid your timing isn't great Dr Lector, Will has just suffered.....an episode of sorts at a crime scene and been taken into a secure unit for an urgent assessment and medical care."

The tired looking man rubbed a hand over his troubled eyes.

"I'm afraid I pushed him too far and he went in too deep."

20 minutes later, Hannibal arrived at the address given to him by Agent Crawford and easily gained access to the secure facility. The Dr on duty explained that Will Graham, a 29 year old FBI consultant had attacked several officers at a crime scene and been brought in bloodied and in handcuffs about an hour ago, and no one had been able to get near him since.

"I'm just about to go into his room with the on duty team to sedate him so we can look him over and check for any injuries. There is a lot of blood but we know some of it is not his."

Hannibal waved a hand in front of the Drs face and informed him that he would be joining them and the Dr nodded. The plan was still to extinguish the fae but first Hannibal was going to extract exactly just how he had managed to avoid the fae register.

Chapter 3

When they reached the door to the room currently detaining the young profiler, there were three other employees waiting outside, all in white uniforms. Hannibal looked quite out of place in his very expensive white shirt and tailored grey three piece suit, topped off with brown polished shoes.

When they entered the small room, the one known as Will darted to the far corner, visibly distressed and began pacing up and down, albeit hampered with a pronounced limp. Hannibal immediately noted how attractive he was. Far too skinny but he still had a muscular build which could be seen through his shirt, wild brown curls and a great darkness lurking under that jumpy exterior.

The young fae had managed to get out of the handcuffs which were bloodied and had been discarded on the floor. His wrists bore the red circular marks where they had been. His right trouser leg was saturated with blood as was his right bare foot.

The room was completely empty save for a simple bed anchored firmly to the floor in the middle, there were bloody foot marks on the white floor and additional marks of some description up the formally clinically clean, white walls.

In addition to his leg wound, one side of the rogue's face was covered in blood. There were a multitude of blood splatters covering his glasses so much so that Hannibal very much doubted he could see much of anything out of the lenses, still he didn't wipe them or remove them. Maybe he liked having an extra barrier to help him avoid eye contact, something he was at pains to do now. He also seemed to be favouring one arm.

Of course his injuries would be the least of his worries when Hannibal was alone with him, given the countless rules he had broken. Breaking rules, rules he himself had set as King, was terribly rude after all. As was not kneeling before your King.

Chapter 4

“Whoa.....no....no.....”

Two of the orderlies had stalked over to him, roughly grabbing an arm each, closely followed by the older Dr, who Hannibal had spoken to, and a large male nurse.

A struggle ensued and Hannibal watched with interest not getting too close, partly to save his suit from getting ruffled or worse yet, blood stained. Graham was clearly strong and oddly beautiful in his distressed and bloodied state. The whole scene was undeniably appealing to Hannibal.

“I just want to go home and be with my dogs! Get off me, let me go.”

There was much grunting on all sides and then the empath managed to break an arm free and pulled the whole group forwards with him, toppling them over the metal bed and sending them all flying towards the hard floor.

When they all landed the male nurse was quick to lunge and empty a loaded syringe into the side of Will’s neck, much to his annoyance.

“Shit. That hurt!”

Dazed and certainly slowing, but not out, Will got up and ran for the door only to find it locked. He yanked at it again in frustration, yelling at it to open and then looked over to Hannibal’s expensive shoes and gestured to the door.

“Hey suit, help a guy out here.” He asked breathlessly, becoming more sluggish with every passing moment.

Chapter 5

Hannibal waved a hand towards the group who were getting off the floor and collecting themselves.

“Be still.” He commanded, stopping them instantly like statues.

“What...the”

Hannibal closed the distance between himself and his disobedient subject in an instant, grabbing and lifting him before pinning him to the closest wall with ease.

He took a moment to inhale his scent, breathing him in deeply.

The profiler’s glasses fell off as he was banged against the wall and he winced in pain, the wind knocked out of him.

“Did you just smell me?” Will’s head lolled forwards and his words were slurred. What ever they had given him was trying to pull him under

Hannibal grabbed his chin forcing his head back up.

“Look at me you insolent boy, do you not recognise your King?” He growled

Will’s eyes finally turned and looked.

As soon as Hannibal locked eyes with Will Graham, two undeniable facts were instantly slammed into him at a hundred miles an hour, causing him to release the curly haired man and recoil as if he were on fire.

Firstly, Graham was neither fully human nor fully fae, some kind of half breed which was unprecedented.

Secondly, whatever he was, he was, without doubt, Hannibal’s soulmate.

Dun dun duuun!

Chapter 6

Graham took advantage of Hannibal releasing him, quickly head butting the older man in the face and splitting his lip open before continuing his fall to the ground with a thud.

Hannibal's hand came up to touch his lip, feeling the wet there and tasting the coppery tang in his mouth, it had been a long time since anyone had made him bleed, none who had done so had lived.

The jolt had made him lose his spell over the others in the room and the male nurse appeared again at Will's side with another syringe full of something which was injected into him. Graham pushed the orderly back and rubbed his neck.

"Would you stop that, it doesn't work on me."

He wasn't wrong mused Hannibal. Of course Graham's human side would surcome to the sedative, but the fae side would not. His half breed status would explain why it slowed him down but didn't render him fully unconscious.

For the first time in many hundreds of years Hannibal felt compelled to take a moment to compose himself and left the building. There would be no killing of Will Graham, today.

Chapter 7

“Are you sure you don’t mind Dr Lector, I don’t want to impose on you any more than we already have.”

“It is no imposition Agent Crawford.”

“There is no denying Will is troubled. I will ensure the Agency sends you over our full records on him. I think being under your care will do him the world of good.”

Thank you Agent Crawford.”

“Please, call me Jack.”

“Jack. And please do call me Hannibal.”

“Thank you, Hannibal. I really need Will back in the saddle as soon as possible, the killers won’t wait.”.

Hannibal thought it highly unlikely he would ever let Jack even so much as look at Will ever again but he politely bid him farewell for now. He would deal with Jack later.

When Hannibal returned to the secure unit following his discussion with Agent Crawford, a full human world day and night had passed. He found his soulmate zoned out, wide eyed and handcuffed by both arms and legs to the bed in the centre of the room. His arms were secured above his head and he looked like he’d been awake all night on guard, dark grey circles now framed his green eyes. Uncomfortable.

Hannibal was appalled to note that he was wearing the same blood stained clothes as yesterday, with a rudimentary bandage around his leg over his trousers. There was also a strong smell of urine. Unacceptable.

Hannibal found it hard to contain his anger given the sight before him. Any punishment to be dealt to Will Graham would be by his hand only, not these wretched pigs.

Chapter 8

Will's, soon to be deceased, Dr appeared behind him, muttering something about Agent Graham causing more trouble and being short staffed. Obviously trying to excuse his patients current inexcusable state. He mentioned that he had been given some further medication but he was still refusing to sleep and they needed to keep him there as they still needed to see to his wounds properly.

Hannibal had considered many options during his somewhat restless night. Killing Will Graham as originally planned, abducting him and taking him back to Magija, and remaining in the human world for a while to interrogate him had all featured. Leaving Will Graham to fester in this squalid hell hole for another second longer did not.

"Thank you Dr, but I will be taking over Mr Graham's care effective immediately."

Hannibal walked over to the side of Will's bed.

"I have officially been made Will's guardian by the FBI."

Will made an angry distressed sound in his throat and pulled at the cuffs above his head weekly, showing he was still very much a man aware of what was going on around him and displeased by all of it.

Hannibal made a mental note to kill every being responsible for his mates suffering up until this point in time. He then quickly dismissed the other man out of Will's room.

Finally alone Hannibal lent over Will and pressed a large hand to his forehead.

Tired eyes found him and he felt the same great surge he had felt yesterday travelling the length of his soul, telling him that this, THIS is the one. It took his breath away once again, but this time he was more prepared for it.

"Sleep." He commanded in his deep accented voice and watched as Will's profoundly sleep deprived eyes obediently closed, his tense body finally going limp.

Will would not wake now until Hannibal allowed it.

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